CHAPTER OF HORRORS READING LIKE HISTORY OF DARK AGES.

Servia Under Late King a Hell for Political Prisoners and a Murderers' Paradise.

WHAT KING PETER INHERITS.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS STOLEN FROM WEALTHY PRIVATE CITIZENS.

After Deeds Were Signed, These C izens Died "Accidentally"-Means of Torture.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. BELGRADE, June 20 .- To-day clean, white muslin curtains of a very cheap quality-for the regicide government is extremely shy of cash-screen the windows through the shattered blinds of which Alexander's and Draga's bodies were flung to the raving mob even as one throws a mess of bones to hungry tigers.

The bloody bedclothes, pierced by bullets and slashed by sabres, were sold for a couple of francs to an old clothes man who is making a fortune by their exhibition in a windowless room, dimly lighted by kerosene lamps. (After a while he will make more money by cutting them up into strips to be sold as souvenirs to lovers of the grewsome.) "It's fortunate," he said to the correspondent, "that their Majesties were pleased to sleep under red silken coversthe souvenirs worn in the buttonhole will very closely resemble the ribbon of the Legion of Honor." The parquet floors of the royal bed and dressing rooms were carefully scraped and waxed and polished but the provisional government's order "Out damned spot," bore no fruit; Peterby - the - grace - of - the -shotgun-and-sabre | Staff Correspondence of the Journal. found ocular proof in plenty that his commands were followed to the letter.

So were those of his predecessors, Alexander and Milan. For evidence look at Dat waltzes so well out at Clancey's pavilion some of the public buildings. You need not enter, the proofs are written all over

On Terezzie street, for instance, we have the postoffice, the grandest building Belgrade boasts of, finer and loftier than the new royal palace even. Big golden letters over the portals say that it is a "free gift of the patriot Koloratz to the Servian people." Koloratz died of poison in a gravelike dungeon below the fortress.

On Market Place stands the university, rivaling the other in splendor of material and magnificent proportions-also "a free gift." The donor is Ranko Tajsic, once known all over the world as leader of the Servian Radicals, the People's party. To obtain his signature to the deed, Ranko had to be raised out of a sewer, where he stood knee-deep, by ropes; the sewer flowing under the citadel had been his prison for two weeks. The former brilliant politician is now blind and crazed, and his "free gift" to the Servian people is made to turn out intellectual slaves and rogues and scoundrels, such as applaud and (when the time comes) assassinate Alexanders. Dragas and Peters.

STOLEN FROM THE PEOPLE. And here we have the Lunjevitza Palace, but recently finished for his wife's brothers and sisters by the murdered King. Who built that? The garrison of Belgrade, provincial governors, office seekers, army purveyors, contractors of all sorts, anybody and everybody holding a salaried position under the government, doing business with it or wishing to-all were forced to contribute. Widows and orphans, too. with that difference, however, that they were not even asked, his Majesty simply helped himself to the pupilary funds under the state's care. Not a whole window in the palace to-day, the porte cochere statuary is in smithereenes and the sentinel boxes that, only two weeks ago, were set up by the door are smashed into kindling

So much for Belgrade's most conspicuous public buildings, contemplated from outside. Though their history be written in citied and steeped in King's shame, the reminiscences they call up lose much of their significance when compared with the memoirs of the Konack (old royal palace) citadel and police headquarters. Up to the time of the Turkish evacuation the "Konack" was the residence of the Sublime Porte's viceroy and, as such, fitted with formidable dungeons and very complete torture chambers, which Milosh, swine-herd and first prince of Servia, and his successors, Milan and Alexander, subsequently made liberal use of for political and private ends. Indeed, it is said that the existence of these old-time aids to barbaric injustice made the ancient pile particularly attractive to the last ill-fated rulers, man and wife. Belgrade tells of the mysterious disappearance of numerous persons, bidden to the Konack and never seen again by their families and friends, and there are swell-defined rumors that several of these prisoners of state were murdered outright in the subterranean vaults, while others were spirited away at night and buried alive in the silent casements of the fortrees. As to the torture chambers, Draga's brother Nicoden once described their horrors to a crowd of drunken army officers. The would-be princeling, who was killed a few hours after the Queen, spoke as if he had seen them in full blast. The executioner, he said, stripped the

prisoner and then forced him down upon a wooden horse, two feet high. Next he bound the culprit's feet to two rings fastened to the floor side by side; then he threw him backwards and made his hands fast to rings in the wall some three feet apart. Thus his head was about on a level with his feet, while the horse, resting under his back, bent his body into the shape of a crescent. In order to stretch the limbs more effectually, the executioner finally took a turn or two on a winch, which forced the prisoner's feet some six inches nearer the rings.

The prisoner having been given a taste of what he might expect, was then admonished to confess, and upon his refusal water was poured down his throat by way of a funnel. He had to swallow quarts upon quarts of liquid, no matter how hard he struggled and writhed.

TORTURES INTENSIFIED. If this royal horse did not produce the desired effect, another three feet and a half in height was placed beneath the prisoner's leins instead of the lower one, thereby etving a much greater sweep to his body: sthening the cords the limbs were

was at once renewed, interrupted only by shair. the questions of the clerk and the replies of the victim; as to his cries, it was as if creator, prisons are again well filled. Serv- prisoners are lowered on ropes and which the garrison when besieged. The mouth of story mansion on Market Place; one day nobody heard them. Upon the large horse and while the cords were being tightened, water was again poured down the victim's | be had for the asking. throat, who struggled and writhed. Once more the water was poured down his throat and release came only when the victim had lost the power to make active or passive resistance.

horses were the most satisfactory quadru- and pleasure-such is the order of things peds he ever encountered. They neither eat | in Servia. nor drink," he laughed, "yet perform their work with fleatness and dispatch. Cruel, you say? Pshaw, a King cannot be expected to stand on ceremon," with traitors." are styled penitentiaries, but the common

Belgrade fortress and police headquarters criminal rather likes these institutions, where he is well fed and treated provided he shows a disposition to act as government's cat's-paw about election time or have left the place alive. As a rule inwhen trouble is brewing with deputies and mates of the "opposition row" are either other politicians. For, as the Bourbon Kings of Naples employed bandits to uphold absolute monarchy by means of assassination, so Servia's rulers are always scheming the Servian capital and ancient Romans, to get rid of parliamentary opposition by Goths, Magyars and Turks-all contributed styled "procurers of confessions," can be palace, the present postoffice, to the gov- mandant had to, for Ranko had gone blind hired slayers and voting cattle.

stuffing and colonizing at the last elections

until the blood flowed freely. The torture row" and "thieves' heaven" facing the a brigand who slew his own father.

PRISONERS ARE DOOMED. When, after a season of dreadful suspense, it leaks out in Belgrade that this or that member of the opposition is incarcerated in the fortress, the unhappy man's family orders masses for the repose of his ordinary political prison is probably the soul and his friends do not expect to see | most horrible and unsanitary in the world him again, for few, if any, fortress prison- to-day, the victims of tyranny being invarers of a political character are known to carried down the hill on a stretcher-being | reach for articles pushed through the opentoo weak or ill to walk-or in a hearse.

The fortress occupies the highest point in to its sinister and forbidding architecture. Some day, when the true history of the All these nations being expert prison buildlatest and unprecedented royal slaughter is ers ,seem to have employed their utmost written, it will be seen that ballot-box | ingenuity to make Belgrade's fortress a terror. To mention only one of the relics of over thirty men writhed under the lash were at the bottom of the holocaust. It | blackest barbarism: The prison includes a | in the fortress and that some twenty laid | little while in order that, under the care of will be shown that Alexander elected a dozen or more well-like shafts, where their panting flesh on red hot bars. Parliament after his awn sweet will by persons may be immured. Driven 2,000 years ernment's choice." Indeed, if the newly Peter will attempt to do without them, dental" death. elected chambers had been allowed to con- particularly as he is descended from a most | The "accident" is pre-arranged as fol- great houses are rewarded by offices and population of the globe.

into the flesh about the wrists and ankles vene, there would have been "a murderers' cruel race, his first known ancestor being lows: After the prisoner's arms and legs decorations; in Belgrade the possession

ian criminals are not likely to leave a good are then walled up, save a hole about a the shaft which lies considerably lower when King Alexander drove by, he obboarding house unless something better can foot square through which things are than the bed of the Danube, is ordinarily served that his political opponent's house OSTEND PROMISES TO RIVAL MONTE passed in and out of the cells. This hole covered up, but on the fatal day "some- exceeded his own in style and vastness. Good comradeship and (circumstances is secured by iron gratings and is opened | body or something"-no one knows who, permitting) high reward for the felon, the only during ten to fifteen minutes every or what-"raised the iid to admit air." cut-throat, the petty thief; uninhabitable twelve hours. The prisoners get faint After the prioner has vanished, the lid is dungeons, poison, the cord and torture for glimpses of daylight only when their scant fastened again. the patriot unwilling to sacrifice the wel- | rations are sent down to be torn with the Nicodem added that the "King of Servia's fare of his country for the ruler's whim teeth or lapped up dog-fashion, as the govones are buried in blackest night. Not a

> greets their ears. mens of the solitary confinement cell, the iably chained to the rock by an iron band around the waist and anklets, allowing them but freedom to crawl far enough to longer, the government made him a propoing in the door. The more spacious cells contain benches for knoutings and in the corridors are small stoves where irons,

sound save the clinking of their own chains

WOMEN AND MEN MALTREATED. year of Alexander's reign five women and

But the Servians are a rough race and robust appearance. The poor man suropening the prison doors for all the mur- ago under the Emperor Nero, these shafts it does happen sometimes that abuse and vived the doctored food he got in the hosderers, highwaymen, thieves, and tap-house were used with equal satisfaction by the torture fail to kill persons who, the Konack pital just three days. On the fourth, an brawlers in the realm. They were let out old Servian Kings who became extinct in thinks, should make haste to die. In that extra issue of the official gazette anon or before election day either to act as | the fourteenth century, by the Sultan's | event the prisoner is ordered "before the | nounced that the "great patriot was dead voters, keep honest men from voting, or pashas, Black George and the Obrene- commandant" and either on the way to from ptomainas." themselves figure as candidates and "gov- vitches, and no one believes that King him or on the return trip, suffers "acci-

gree, but, nevertheless, it was freely pro-

ducted Koloratz from his country house to the fortress, and after he had been sealed up in one of Nero's wells for a week, or sition. Koloratz was to regain his liberty provided he signed a declaration binding himself to drop all opposition to the reigning family, and forevermore to deed his commandant holding his hand. The comernment, together with ten million francs as a maintenance fund. After Koloratz sub-The records have it that during the last scribed to the paper that robbed him of three-quarters of his fortune, he was told that he must enter the prison hospital for a physicians, he might regain his former

A SEWER-PRISON.

have been secured by ropes, he is pushed of a palatial home leads to trouble instead. "Nero's dungeons" have no doors, only along a dark corridor at the end of which Ranko Tajsic, leader of the Radicals, had As the new Skuptchina vanished with its an opening on top, through which the is situated an ancient well, once used by constructed for himself a beautiful three-

"The impudent rascal," remarked his adjutant. The adjutant reported to the prime minister and three days later Tajsic was in the fortress, parliamentarian im-The Koloratz case to which allusion was | munity notwithstanding. At that time made, happened under King Milan. In Ranko was known as the Servian Hercuernment furnishes neither spoons nor forks. 1880 Koloratz was the Pierrepont Morgan of les. He was over six feet high, broad During the rest of the time the helpless | Belgrade. A man of decided ability and in- | shouldered, strong as an ox and full of tegrity, Koloratz enjoyed the confidence of life and energy-evidently a person who his fellow-countrymen to a remarkable de- | could not be broken in the ordinary way. So, instead of immuring him, or keeping But aside from these most ancient speci- phesied that he would not die in his bed. him in the semi-inundated casements where Why? Because he hated the Obreno- political prisoners are turned into consumptives on short order, the commandant placed Ranko in a sewer, where he stood One day a detachment of hussars conin the mire knee deep for two long weeks. Then they hauled him out and invited him to sign his palace and fortune over to King Alexander.

Ranko laughed boisterously for, in the meanwhile, he had gone mad, but affixed his signature at the point indicated, the in addition to going mad.

I see him in the streets every now and again, preceded by his faithful dog. He always smiles. Since the hour Alexander released him from the sewer he has worn the idiot's smile "that will not come off." As to Alexander he gained a momentary reputation for munificence and public spiritedness by deeding the stolen house over to the university.

Much good it did him. VERE-CAREWE.

The Pope is the head of over 250,000,000 In other budding capitals men who build human beings, or nearly one-seventh of the

CARLO IN POPULARITY.

Now Free to Gamblers, a Great Rush to this Belgian Watering Place

ALL BUSINESS MEN APPROVE

May Be Expected.

ATTITUDE OF EUROPEAN GOVERN-

MENTS TOWARD GAMING.

Except When It Becomes High-Handed and Creates Scandals the Fraternity Goes Unchecked.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

PARIS, June 20 .- Ostend, Belgium, promises to become the gamblers' paradise. Even famous Monte Carlo may have to take a back seat. The Senate of Belgium has been discussing a bill to prohibit gambling of every description, and such a bill has actually passed the lower house of the Belgian Parliament. The sentiment of the country seems to favor the bill, too, but the business firms of Ostend have been clamoring disapproval of the measure. Representations have been made to the Senate by these business firms that their city should be exempted from the provisions of the proposed statute. They have asked that gambling be permitted two years have recently expended large sums for improvements. They believe, naturally enough, that they ought to be given a chance to recover at least a part of the money they have invested in hotels, shops and gambling casinos.

The result of this appeal to the Senate has resulted in a disposition on the part of the legislators to let the matter drop until reason and the present scribe must be par- | it. Just let him once secure the attention | "sketch team" has settled down to business | ering a luck line near your thumb-a line | the shopkeepers have had a chance to redoned for occasionally bursting into song. of the passing throng and half the battle is again the important matter they had had showing that the three children die of coup. This does not seem to be a matter That ride on the camel!-gracious! can one won, for its no easy matter to hold out under advisement has been forgotten and, whooping cough and that the widow lady that will require much time, for gamblers who has experienced it ever forget it? against his arguments. He will show you instead, the subrette and the Irish comed- follows along a little later on with apo- all over Europe are flocking to Ostend this There are other camels in the world with so conclusively just why you are in duty ian-there's no doubt about his being an plexy, leaving you a large fortune and summer, attracted by the discussion in the curious humps, no doubt, but those camels | bound to attend the performance whose | Irish comedian because of his red whiskers | peace of mind. You depart from the little | Belgian Senate and the tremendous free at Coney island are in a class all by them- merits he eulogizes, that, if you have a 10- and big feet-join hands in a cakewalk and parlor of the palmist with your heart full advertisement given the famous watering of gratitude. "Yes:" you tell him in place. Tourists by the thousands are freanswer to his polite query, "it has really quenting Ostend and promise to do so conbeen worth more than a quarter," and you stantly through August and September. If give him twice that amount in accordance a paid press agent working in the interests of the shopkeepers and proprietors of Ostend had planned the whole thing as an advertisement, this spectacle of a national Don't forget the "Trip to the Moon!" This aerial journey, as well as many other | Senate delaying legislation in order to help gambling could not have been more profit-

> Gambling and lotteries have for centuries been give official recognition in many European countries. Every now and then the gamblers overdo things, and the law steps in to check their high-handed methods. It is unfortunate for gamblers in all countries that they always cook their own goose instead of continuing to let it lay the golden egg. When gambling is permitted by law or tacitly allowed, the gamblers themselves are the ones who bring it into disrepute. This is certainly true in Canfield's case in New York, and the recent crusade in Davenport, Ia., against gambling was due to the high-handed methods of disreputable gamblers. And in Europe there seems to be very little decency left among gamblers, even at Monte Carlo.

MANY GAMBLING SCANDALS. Within recent years the scandals in Paris growing out of gambling have quickened the alertness of the Parisian police, and have made the business hazardous in more ways than one. It is unfortunate, of course, so far as professional gamblers are concerned, that these scandals occur in the fashionable clubs. The greater the scandal, the more fashionable the club, is the rule.

The revelations concerning gambling in the Club Rue Royale a year or so ago stirred all Paris. This club had high fame. Its membership roll included some of the best names in France. They did not play American poker at the Rue Royale. The favorite game was "quinze," and you can lose your money at "quinze" about as rapidly as at poker, without as much exhilaration. Somehow, the losses of members were out of all proportion to the winnings. Every gambler expects a certain percentage to be against him, but there came a time at the Rue Royale when a few rich members began to wonder if luck was ever going to smile upon them again. One portly member of an inquiring turn of mind lost much money. He pondered. One morning he dropped in when the club rooms were empty. He called for a pack of cards, evincing a sudden desire to play solitaire. This gave him a chance to look over the cards in private. The more he scrutinized them, the harder it was for him to keep his seat or refrain from severe ejaculations. He discovered that the more important cards had been skillfully marked with needle points. By spilling some wine on the cards he secured another pack of cards from the waiter. These were marked in the same careful manner.

That night when the play was on at full tilt, the inquisitive club man created consternation by dramatically declaring: "These cards are marked." He pointed out the marking and there was a demand for the waiter who had furnished the cards. The fellow was not able to say enough in explanation, and so the police were called in. They found at the home of this particular waiter a big consignment of cards already marked. It was evident that the waiter was acting for some one else, a rich and influential member of the club, who had probably paid the fellow well. The waiter went to jail sooner than tell the name of the member. Several members who had been winning heavily were queer caverns and underground passages, suspected, but no case could be made out, hair long and in picturesque tangles, and he the fresh air is reached and the voyagers and the club gradually disbanded. A new club was organized by several of the leading members, and every member of the old club was a candidate for the new organization. It was significant that several men were blackballed, and because of this blackballing were afterwards expelled from

> The Paris police have the most trouble with women gamblers who conduct quiet cans in Paris are the usual victims, for they rarely complain or make trouble. The average American in Paris can be deceived with a nice little note, prepared from facts for fear of a raid. The victim is lucky if he escapes with enough money to cable made to the police. There is a wholesale

other Parisian clubs.

AT GAY CONEY ISLAND

WITH PICTURES BY WALTER GALLOWAY.

NEW YORK, July 3 .-Of all de sweet goils, an' I guess dere's a million Wot lives in Manhattan, not one have I met As Katle O'Neill, an' now don't you forget!

Wid Katie beside me as sweet as can be; wears me white vest an' I looks mighty tony, An' Katie's a picter you jes' ought to see.

On bright summer Sundays I rides down

At gay Coney island-It's her land an' my land-At old Coney island 'way down on de sea! Some couples prefer in de surf to go splashin'

For Coney's de place where flirtations begin. For me part I wants Katie's chin on me shoulder

It's jes' out o' sight in me arms to enfold her,

An' waltz wid de goil wot's de whole world to At gay Coney island-It's her land and my land-

At old Coney island 'way down on de sea! Coney island, the most delirious seaside



FOR ME PART I WANTS KATIE'S CHIN ON ME SHOULDER."

the season at last. After many weeks o miserable weather, cold, rainy and in every way disagreeable, the bright summer sunshine is smiling down upon "old Coney." and the people who earn a living on the island during the warm summer months are beginning to feel that perhaps life may be worth living after all. Never was a summer season so tardy before. As a rule, Coney is at this time of the year in the very heyday of its glory, but that rule has not held good this summer, owing to the eccentricities of climate, and Coney is now just getting a fair start on its annual season of frivolity and nervous excitement.

A new popular song that is now being played and sung and whistled to shreds in New York declares that "there's no other place like Coney," and for once a popular song is not wholly devoid of reason. There's no other place like Coney island, and that's a fact. Nowhere else on earth, perhaps, is there such another maelstrom of tumultuous recreation. From the time you arrive on the scene of festivity-whether you come by boat or electric car-until you wearily take your departure homeward, you are made the victim of thousands of birds of prey in human form, who swoop down upon you from all directions, inviting, entreating-nay, demanding you to become personally interested in their particular brands of amusement. But there is plenty of fun to be had at Coney, for all that, and on a bright Saturday or Sunday as many as a hundred thousand people pass willinglymost of them hilariously-through the mill

of this most famous of seaside resorts. You don't have to search for your fur at Coney island. It is literally thrown at you from the beginning until the end of your visit. The newcomer will blink his eyes and gaze about him in open-mouthed astonishment when for the first time he sets foot on this topsy-turvy, ocean-washed shore. He will try in vain to collect his wits as the boisterous strains from a hundred brass bands, the maddeining mechanical music of countless merry-go-rounds and the everlasting rag-time of a thousand pianos all join together in one frightful nightmare of discord. If the newcomer is fearful of losing his dignity; if he is disinclined to step outside of iron-bound conventionality, and if he is disconcerted at the thought of meeting with occasional discomfort, he had better turn right around on his heel and beat a hasty retreat back to town. But if he wants to forget the "demnition grind" of a prosaic world, as Mr. Mantalini would have put it, let him change his five-dollar bill into ten-cent pieces and plunge into the thick of what is called at Coney island "a bully good time."

Go to-well, the place called Hell, where for

Mount the camels, shoot the chutes and slide

Ride with grace the steeple-chase that takes

away your breath:

selves. One of them, in particular, is the proud possessor of the most wonderful collection of humps that ever camel sported. When you look up at him, you say, "Oh, this fellow will be easy to ride. Those peculiar humps will serve to help me in sticking on his back." And you pay And some on de merry-go-round takes a spin, your dime to the murderous Mohammedan An' some spends de afternoon spoonin' an' | who acts as the camel's manager and start forth on the most unhappy journey you have ever taken in all your life. You not only discover that the camel has a few Whenever de band spiels a waltz-an' oh, gee! humps that you hadn't ever suspected, but that new ones-little humps not apparent to the naked eye-keep sprouting from time to time as the camel swings along like an unseaworthy vessel on the English channel. You grit your teeth and smile a sickly smile at the crowds that cheer you as you pass. The best way out of the wretched business is to fall off the camel and take your chances on being fatally injured in the tumble. To remain on his back means certain death in a slow, torturous style and you might as well select the easier way to die, especially as there is always that one chance of escaping altogether.

The camel rider who lives to patronize other amusements on the island can be made uncomfortable in a million other ways if he but wishes to serve as a victim -and most people, like the martyrs of old, serve willingly and gladly. It is Coney's privilege to make you uncomfortable and the motto of the resort is that "if you are game, you will pay your money to be made uncomfortable and be immensely grateful for what you receive in return." And so, having decided to stay and see all the fun that is to be seen and to be as game as the best of 'em, you ride on the steeple-chase and are jerked and joited about on a wooden horse until you wish that you had waited until after the trip to eat that ham sandwich; you shoot the chutes and get your new summer trousers so wet that the creases refuse to stay where they belong, but form themselves in most unheard of



"AND, OH, WHAT A BARKER IS THE CONEY ISLAND BARKER!"

board-a slipery shoot that lands you, after a plunge of thirty feet, on your head at the foot of the thing, and you take an active, or rather violent part in a hundred other merry little pastimes invented by devils and built by their accomplices.

To enumerate the mechanical contrivances at Coney island that jostle and toss and tumble and jerk and pull and haul you would be almost an impossibility. Never before in the history of the resort have there been so many different kinds of mechanical monstrosities put together for the purpose of giving people queer sensations. There are so many new styles of "loop the loop," "whirl the wheels," "ride the rapids," and other alliterative and idiotic things that one becomes confused in merely contemplating them, loses most of his reason in patronizing a few of them and develops into a raving maniac if he undertakes to tackle them all.

FAMILIAR DIVERSIONS. Of course, all of the familiar old-time diversions are there, too. There are countless side shows, music halls and acrobatic performances, each one of which has its "barker" on the outside for the purpose of coaxing the crowds through the inviting entrance to "the biggest show on the down near the stage and begins to laugh things about your early life that you had amusement in nonsense and midsumment island." And oh, what a barker is the so uproariously and with such drunken forgotten and proceeds to take you well madness. And-



"ASKING HIM WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FRIED EGG AND A TROMBONE."

cent piece left, you will surely contribute it gladly toward the support of his laudable enterprise. For-

He tells of a wonder that he found in Asia's Which he brought across the oceans to this thing on the island You'll remember when all others are forgot.' So you give the man your money to the place to gain admission.

When you gaze upon a mummy from the East. And though you're badly sold again, you're used And you do not mind such faking in the least, That's the way it goes at Coney Island, especially in that part of the resort known as the Bowery. Everybody expects to be fooled and nobody is disappointed. "Your money back, ladies an' gents," yells the barker, "if everything in this here show ain't jest as I claim." Of course, there is nothing about the show that bears the slightest resemblance to his glowing word

pictures of it-but who cares! If any one

should actually have the nerve to attend

the performance and then ask the barker

to "make good" and return the admission

fee to the dissatisfied patron, the barker would just faint dead away. And the concert halls! There are so many of them on Coney's Bowery this season that the islanders themselves cannot tell you their exact number without the aid of pencil and paper. The performances on the stages of these places are going on uninterruptedly from noon until midnight. the performers coming and going in relays. The girl with the big black pompadour in the dress with the swishing skirts that you saw industriously demolishing a softshell crab at 6 o'clock in a "sea food cafe" is the same lovely maiden you'll behold a half hour later on the stage of a noisy concert hall where she does a "sketch" with an Irish comedian. There is such a rattle and clatter of beer glasses in the place as the waiters hurry hither and thither with their liquid refreshments that your subrette-she is now in a short blue skirt, with black stockings and long black gloves-has a hard time of it to make herself heard. She shouts at the top of her voice at her associate behind the footlights asking him what's the difference between a fried egg and a trombone. There are those in the audience who would really like to hear the answer-the present writer



among them-for a question dealing with

"BY GOSH! BUT YER APPEARANCE IS

a coon song. For-

The place of incongruity
And lack of continuity;
The home of all insanity and idiotic fun on the crazy island When you act in crazy style and Where your brain don't count for anything

MAN WITH SCALES. There's no avoiding the man with the scales who wants to guess your weight. If you do manage to get by one of these demons another one will snatch you up and compel you to do his bidding, so you might as well fall a victim to the first one you encounter and have the ordeal over. "If I don't guess yer weight, I don't want yer nickel," roars the gentleman in your ear as he steps on your feet and places a perspiring hand on your shoulder in a companionable manner meant to inspire confidence. If you attempt to lie out of the thing-and most people do-by asserting boldly that you've just been weighed by another member of his fraternity, he demands that you show him your "credentials"-alluding to a little ticket that is presented to each patron of these weighfarers. And if you can't show your credentials, you are lost. If in the whirl of mad diversions you become absent minded and forget to hold on to your credentials, you will have to be weighed all over again. The writer, becoming weaker and weaker of mind as the afternoon wore on, had to submit to the scales a dozen times in as many different sections of the island and never weighed the same twice, his weight fluctuating from 130 to 165 pounds. As a rule the man with the scales guesses your weight correctly-according to his scales, of course. He and his scales have the same secret understanding that exists between Kellar, the magician, and his magic clock. Once in while, however, the scales refuse to respond to their master's bidding, as was the case when a grinning woman of liberal proportions took a rest in the swinging



"HE CHEERS YOU BY DISCOVERING LUCKY LINE NEAR YOUR THUMB."

guesser" had declared that she would tip the scales at 180 pounds, but her avoirdupois sent the little brass indicator up to the two hundred point. "By gosh!" said the high-weigh-man, "but yer appearance is deceivin'." And he refused to weigh anybody else after that until he had taken his scales into the nearby "studio" of his friend, the photographer, to see what in the world was the matter with the things. The palmists are not so persistent in their solicitations for patronage, but when they once coax a visitor into their little carpeted parlors they usually succeed in getting more money out of him than the regulation price. The Coney Island palmist belongs to the scientific world. He is no mere summer resort fakir-not he! He wears his looks through his glasses at you with a penetrating expression. He feels the im- Park with the thousands of sightseers passportance of his position in life and he tells you all about yourself-your character, your past and your future-with an air of | glistening lake. absolute authority. It's useless for you to deny that you fell down stairs at an early age and broke something in your head- to see, if you are not by this time worn something with a name that only the palm- out and ready to retreat. To take in Coney ist can pronounce, for the reason that no- island in a single afternoon and evening little games in private apartments. Ameribody knows the word but himself. He tells | is a tremendous task. If the day is warm you that it's quite natural for you to forget | the beach will be lined with thousands of the accident because the accident itself- | surf bathers, and this specracle alone is happening as it did and in such a way, too | well worth going miles to see. If you are -caused you to become just a trifle de- in New York this summer, go down to furnished by hotel attaches. Roulette is mented. Then, having arranged for clear | Coney island by all means, unless you are | the favorite flat game, yet the wheel is sailing, he tells you a number of other past that point in life where you can find rarely kept two days in the same building. Coney Island barker! He possesses a pair of strong, leathern lungs and a vocabulary that demands consideration. He is the Coney island is just one big jingle without | greatest liar in all the world and proud of out of the hall. And by the time the cheers you up an instant later by discov-

queer journeys in ships and in little railways and in curious vehicles, is to be taken able. in Luna Park, Coney's newest and best

with his modest suggestion.

TRIP TO THE MOON.

"BEHOLD THEIR MAJESTIES!"

playground. The park is away from the seashore and the Bowery, and it caters to the better class of visitors to the island. The amusements there are all of the higher class and there is no suggestive singing, dancing or "barking." At night time Luna Park is a fairyland with its thousands of electric lights and its canals and gondolas. As for the trip to the moon, it is rare fun. The voyagers go aboard a rocking vess where they sit in steamer chairs and watch the earth fade away beneath them as the air ship, with flapping wings, speeds higher and higher, past the clouds, past the stars and finally to the moon, where a landing is made. Of course, its all an optical delusion. and it is a most admirable contrivance. The voyagers, when they disembark, find themselves in a land of caverns and giant mushrooms inhabited by dwarfs. A little guide in green tights and doublet and carrying a long staff, leads the way through dimly lighted, uncanny passageways, chanting a weird little song as he goes. Other dwarfs join the party and over hill and dale tramp the voyagers with the comical, bow-legged little men. Finally the royal underground chamber is reached and there on a throne are perched the King and Queen of the moon-a fat little couple attired in royal raiment. . "Behold their majesties!" cries the guide

with the staff, and all of the little men join in the chorus of a song to their august rulers. The King looks very proud indeed, but the Queen yawns and appears somewhat bored. She has in one hand a paperback novel and she is very desirous of returning to its enchanting pages. The song at an end, the visiting party, following the faithful guide, walk into the mouth of a gigantic whale and proceed to tramp through his body. As the pedestrians walk over his ribs, the whale, being very ticklish, shakes with laughter and as a result everybody tumbles against everybody else. Out of the tail of the great monster the party goes, and after winding through more find themselves out on the ground in Luna ing by and the big brass band a-playing in the illuminated music stand across the There is much more to do, if you have enough money left to do it, and much more

LOUIS W. JONES